

PRICE

Editorial Review

Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang

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Vol. II

April, 1921

No. 19



explosion of
pedigreed bunk

Say, "Hello!"

Stop a minute and say, "Hello"
As down Life's Road you go;
For a kindly word and a cheery smile
Will shorten the way by many a mile
For some poor fellow who's moving slow.
Stop a minute—and say, "Hello."

—Whiz Bang Bill

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Philosophy and Foolish-
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Captain Billy's Whiz Bang



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April, 1921

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**"We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is
loyalty to the American People."—Theodore Roosevelt.**

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By W. H. Fawcett



**Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and dedi-
cated to the fighting forces of the United States.**

Drippings From the Fawcett

The Whiz Bang has been selling rather fair since Christmas, with the result that I was able to scrape together a few hundred bucks to make first payment on a log cabin at Pequot, Minnesota, and 80 acres of cut-over pine land on the shore of Big Pelican Lake. Accompanied by Gus, the hired man, and Andy (not Gump), an oldtime timber cruiser, I journeyed to the northland to view the future summer home of the Whiz Bang.

Upon arriving at the cabin, we were met by Fred La Page, a typical French-Canadian of the old school, and Mrs. La Page. All arrangements were gone through and I was well pleased with the outlook excepting for the lack of a cat. Now, it may seem strange that an ordinary household pet like a cat should in any way be considered, but really, friends, I was somewhat disappointed in not finding Tabby.

Ever since the Persian kitten of pedigreed fame entered into my life, I have had a natural antipathy for the felines. La Page's excuses for not having a cat were apparently sound logic. "A cat is like a woman," he said. "She purrs when petted, and scratches and spits venom when things go wrong. She must be con-

tented at all times." Which brought me back to the lines of

A Persian kitten, perfumed and fair,
Strayed through the kitchen door for air,
When a Tom Cat, lean and lithe and strong
And dirty and yellow came along.

"Cheer up," said the Tom Cat, with a smile,
"And trust your new found friend awhile.
You need to escape from your back yard fence;
My dear, all you need is experience."

The morning after the night before
The "Cat Came Back" at the hour of four,
The look in her innocent eyes had went,
But the smile on her face was the smile of content.

Ah! World of Sweet Romance. How delicious are thy vicissitudes. Even the cats enjoy little escapades into the unknown mists of the dim future.

In the meantime Mr. La Page will be busy constructing several more log cabins from the jack pine of Pequot so that Whiz Bang readers may solve vacation problems this summer, and I'll bet you'll find plenty of Persian kittens and wily polecats scampering about the premises. And one of them shall be called "Marigold," after the Richard Garnett poem:

She moved through the garden in glory because
She had very long claws at the end of her paws.
Her back was arched, her tail was high,
A green fire glared in her vivid eye;
And all the Toms, though never so bold,
Quailed at the martial Marigold.

* * *

A fiery steed with championship form and charming personality rarely roams long alone.

I N our last issue we published that portion of Shakespeare's "King Lear" wherein Kent denounces Oswald, the lounge lizard, which brings my memory back to nights in 1913 when I was a police reporter for a morning paper in Minneapolis. This was prior to my incrustment upon the fertile pastures of Robbinsdale.

One evening, while "chinning" with the desk sergeant at headquarters, a policeman brought in a typical "divan dearie"—one of the sissy variety, but well dressed. The sergeant gave him a private cell and was just returning to his desk when another of the same species walked in.

"I have been informed," said the caller in a meek voice, "that this place is a jail, and I would like to know if you have a prisoner here by the name of Harold Archibald Eaton." The sergeant referred to the "blotter" and replied affirmatively. He informed the inquirer that Eaton was being held on a charge of flirting.

Great joy was registered by the caller, and he replied in accents sweet: "Oh, dear, what a relief! I was afraid he might have been arrested for stealing."

* * *

Last fall I bought a pig for \$5. It cost me \$5 to feed the pig this winter. This spring I sold the pig for \$10. Of course, I didn't make any money, but I had the use of the pig all winter.

WE'VE heard the old yarn about the lazy darky who harnessed the mule by simply standing still and commanding "Giddap" and "Whoa," but the hobo that leaned against my wagon in Robbinsdale the other day wins the hand-painted jar.

He had a match in his hand, leaning against the steel tire on my wagon wheel, his pipe unlighted.

"What are you waiting for?" I asked.

"Jes' waitin' for you to start so the wheel will light this match," he replied.

* * *

GUS, the hired man, says our old-fogy neighbor, Deacon Miller, doesn't like my literary product. Gus saw the Deacon tearing up the Whiz Bang and scattering it over his corn field the other day. "I'm using it for fertilizer," vouchsafed the Deacon.

* * *

My "storm and strife" and I were recently at a little gathering. As I stood watching a whist game, a young lady—a very charming young lady—said: "Captain Billy, will you hold my hand a minute." I obeyed with alacrity and grasped her soft white fingers, only to have her snap at me: "Sir! I meant my cards!" And my wife saw it all.

* * *

Nobody pays much attention to a big hole in a small girl's stocking, but a small hole in a big girl's stocking—Oh, my!

Patrick's Gold Piece

For the sake of this story, we will say his name was Pat. Now Pat was a good Irishman and had attended mass at the same church for twenty-five years.

In the good old days, when a "slug" was 10 cents and a "schooner" a 5-cent piece, Pat was always visiting Casey's saloon for a wee nip.

On this particular Sunday morning, Pat found himself in church with only a 5-cent piece and a five dollar gold piece in his pocket. During the offertory of the mass, he made the mistake of dropping in the gold piece. After service, following his custom of many years, he slipped into the back door of Casey's for his morning's drink.

"Have one with me, Mr. Casey," said Patrick. They both had their drink and Pat reached in his pocket and laid the nickel on the bar.

"Come again," said Casey, "you haven't even enough to pay for your own drink."

Pat then told of his mistake of putting the gold piece in the collection box. Casey promptly urged him to go at once to Father Monahan, explain his error and get back his gold piece.

On his way to the priest he kept repeating to himself: "I hate to do this; oh, I hate to do this, but I will, I need the money." He was just about to push the bell at Father Monahan's home, when he hesitated and again said:

"Oh, I hate to do this; in fact, I can't do it, and I won't do it. I gave that money to the good Father and to hell with it."

Chaplin's New Love

Enter now the halcyon days of romance for our noted picture entertainer! Charles Chaplin has lived down the shattered memory of Mildred Harris and is now romancing with a girl of seventeen; Mary Pickford is a victim of gossips; "Midsummer Madness" breaks record for naughty films, and the story of comedienne assaulted by picture director comes to light. These newsy nuggets sum up our monthly gossip from the inside circles of Hollywood and Universal City.

By RICHMOND

LEST anyone imagine that Charlie Chaplin is wearing mourning weeds as a result of his recent and widely advertised marital tribulations, forget it! Charlie has been busy making much over a dainty frail of seventeen or eighteen, who came west to work in an Anito Loos picture. It is said that Charles finds a delightful communion of spirit in the acquaintanceship which has developed between himself and the pretty girl.

Does Chaplin care for wild women? This is a highly personal question. Few women apparently have any appeal for him. Most of them seem too thick-headed and lack the lustre of wit and conversational powers that make headway where a high-strung, keen-

minded man is concerned. It has been quite noticeable that the object of Chaplin's recent devotion bears none of the eye, ear or leg marks generally supposed to feature the extra smart ladies. This girl is modest appearing and, what is more, modest acting. She doesn't smoke, nor drink; and, so far as anyone knows, doesn't chew nor swear. She goes about with Charlie but indulges in none of the frivolities.

Not to swear is regarded as remarkable among the movie dames. Most of them could tame a Captain Kidd pirate and make a buccaneer hang his head in a bucket of blushes. Young lady clerks or stenographers quite frequently are told to leave the room when an irate movie girl enters. It may be that Chaplin is experiencing a state of austerity and aloofness from ordinary mundane affairs which a man often does experience after his soul has somewhat been seared by the white iron of social cruelty—whatever that means.

Anyhow Charlie is not intending to commit suicide as a result of the parting from Mildred. The women flock after him if they get half a chance. He realizes this fact, but seemingly attributes it to the lure of his name and wealth. As a matter of fact, Chaplin at his best would attract many women. He has a winsome way, as they say. Truth of the matter is that this young favorite of film fortune is quite lonesome, not knowing who is or who isn't his friend, either man or woman. He is paying the stern penalty which fame frequently exacts.

There was considerable excitement in the studios and bungalows recently when a rumor went forth that

Mary Pickford had been seen at the Orpheum the night before with her former husband, Owen Moore, and one of Owen's brothers. Several persons swore that this remarkable sight was witnessed. Truth probably is that one of the Moore boys, not Owen, was in the party or happened to be seen talking with Mary. At last accounts Owen Moore was in a New York hospital.

One of the naughtiest plays seen in some time came to light when "Midsummer Madness" appeared at a Los Angeles picture house. It came just in the midst of a campaign for picture censorship. This Midsummer Madness play would better have been called a Midwinter Nightmare or "The Passion Play." William De Mille produced it.

The picture is supposed to teach a lesson to husbands who work too much and fail to properly Romeo their wives. Cutting out what it is supposed to teach, it was produced for the purpose of getting the money by showing two young married people—not married to one another—deciding that they would have a grand time in a lonely cabin.

It chanced that just as the supreme sacrifice was to be made, the lady looked up and saw her husband's picture on the wall. This broke up the meeting and nothing much happened. Just how the lady chanced to open her eyes cannot be explained, as one of the local newspapers has been printing a series of articles to the effect that when women are being kissed they keep their eyes tightly glued.

The newspapers unanimously proclaimed this a great play, teaching moral lessons. The film ends

"happily," of course, with the wronged husband satisfied that he hasn't been cheated beyond a pardonable degree.

Many people may have wondered what became of a girl who several years ago was probably the most noted of the film comediennesses. She didn't seem ever to be the same following an episode between herself and one of the big producers, a man nationally known.

The story was never published, but a penitentiary term stared this big gun in the face had the girl died. It seems that the producer had a well oiled case on her, but became enraged one night when, upon visiting her home, he discovered another man had made considerable inroads, so far as appearances went.

The best dope—and the newspaper folk knew of it—is to the effect that the famous producer dragged the girl around by the hair and gave her such a mauling that she was in bad physical condition for some time. The story goes that the girl's sister was given a substantial bonus to make herself scarce, but remained in town, vowing that if her sister died she would expose the whole mess.

The man whom the producer caught with the girl comedienne was married. This would have added to the complications. Fortunately for everyone concerned, the girl survived, though it is said her health never has been so good. The repentant producer treated her handsomely in a financial way, but she has never risen high in pictures since and apparently has left the films for good.

Whiz Bang Philosophy

Eat, drink—and be careful.

* * *

A Miss is as good as her smile.

* * *

Home is where the mortgage is.

* * *

Man proposes and woman imposes.

* * *

Fine feathers make fine feather beds.

* * *

Oh, for the gland, gland days of youth!

* * *

There's many a slip between the cop and the nip.

* * *

Many a girl has a good beginning and a week-end.

* * *

No skirt should be so short as to expose the knee
plus ultra.

* * *

One of the proverbs of politics is, "Money makes
the mayor go."

Some men court, then marry, and then go to court again.

* * *

People who live in glass houses should dress in the dark.

* * *

There's many a good thing lost by not asking for it—think it over.

* * *

Just because your sweetheart is "crummy," don't think he is a baker.

* * *

As long as truth is naked, people will continue to take liberties with her.

* * *

The front door of the business man's office says "Push." The front door of the city hall says "Pull."

* * *

A laugh, a sigh; a smile, a tear; a giggle, a sob; a joy, a pain; a gain, a sacrifice—that is the synthesis of Love.

* * *

Wives should never nag their husbands. A hubby is like an egg—if kept continually in hot water he will become hard-boiled.

* * *

Don't imagine that you can avoid a courting stunt by paying attention to a widow. She'll expect as much fuss and "ootsy-wootsy" slush as a 16-year-old maiden.

Adventures of Sven

"Inside doings" in the motion picture camps of California, with real characters and true incidents, will be reeled off to Whiz Bang readers in this and subsequent issues under the character title of "Svens Peterson's" letters to his Minnesota friends, with Whiz Bang Bill as the interlocutor. The Whiz Bang has increased its regular staff of war correspondents in Hollywood and Universal City now to four crack writers, who will bring to the readers of this great family journal first-hand gossip from the dressing-rooms.

HALLO! Uncle Billy:

Ay aint bane pretty gude writin' faller, anyhow Ay yust take a chance. Ay skol tole you Ay yust got gude yob in moving picture studyo hyar in Loose Angels being actor faller.

One time in Minneapolis, faller tole may Ay yump yust so high lak Douglay Bareflanks so Ay yust sall may team an' kom out hyar. Ay hang round studyo for 'bout sax week looking for yob. One day, faller with long chin an' punkin-seed mustache kom out an' hire me. He skol take all may clothes away for tray dollar a day to be Indian. Nother faller he paint me with whitewash brush all over red an' before he paint me he grease me all over with lard so brush she slip gude

You bat Ay look lak hal! Some girls jump and squeek when Ay kom out from dressing-koop. Pretty quick after Ay hang round for 'bout two hours in hot sun with lard frying on may back a faller called Director git sober up an' tal me Ay skol stand by log house made of gunny-sack. Nother faller he soak me on head with tommy-axe for rehersal an' ay bane be knock out. After we skol have rehersal 'bout fourteen times Ay git pretty mad an' Ay yump on him's neck an' bust him's yaw an' den Director faller he yell "CAMERA" an' a faller start grinding krank lak machine-gun. Nother faller turn switch-light on me so Ay skol go blind an' den Ay gitting mad lak Devil an' Ay lick Director an' bust up camera an' kick slats out of some extra fallers hangin' 'round. Log house she fall down an' bust up switch-lights an' set fire on studyo. Faller run out from office an' slip me tray dollar quick lak lightning an' Ay lose may clothes an' watch an' Ay aint give a dam. Nother faller give me pants so Ay aint skol go to yail an' nother faller hire me for prize-fight picture next week to lick Bulls in Montana.

Ay skol let you know how Ay git long just so quick as Ay am Star. Ay show them fallers how gude Swede actor put up moving picture show, Ay bat your life!

Your old friend,

SVENS PETERSON.

Post Chips—Please can you tole me where Ay can get gude book about how to shooting craps?

Post Chips agan—If you know gude steady girl that likes to git marry Ay skol start own kompany out in Hollywood.

Midnight Madness

Reverend Morrill, the author of this article, is now touring the West Indies and Cuba and soon will bring home with him a message of truth. He will picture to Whiz Bang readers the volatile life of our Latin neighbors.

By REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL

Pastor People's Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

PARIS is the paradise of pleasure. Cafes and cabarets invite on every hand. One night at Montmartre I went to "Le Cabaret du Neant." As I entered, a green lantern overhead flung its deadly pallor on me. Two waiters dressed like undertakers met me and ushered me into a room where the walls were draped in black, the tables were coffins, and the cups were skulls. Like the mummies at Egyptian feasts which reminded the revelers of death, I saw a skeleton in the corner of the room, and the chandelier over my head was festooned with bones. Funeral tapers served as lights on the coffin-lid table, and to dead march music pictures on the wall were transformed from life into sickness, decay and fleshless bones.

Here death was ridiculed, but I thought this micawberesque surrounding and setting was but an analogy of much cabaret, roof garden and café life in America.

Late hours lure. The cup of foaming pleasure is mixed with tears of pain. Excitement and absence of restraint drain vitality so that carousers are unfit for life's practical duties of business, home, society and religion. Midnight dissipation breaks down the reserve of virtue and becomes a vestibule to vice through which throng fevered bodies, stifled wits and sodden souls. Surely they show, as the mask is removed, faces that are anything but gay. Sin has pleasures, but they are only "for a season." Soon the lights fade, the sweet turns bitter, apples of Sodom turn to dust and ashes, and we have nothing but grief and pain for promised joy.

Women rule. Cherubim of hell, they sit around in scanty costumes that show what they are supposed to hide, and eat and drink, talk and look and leer with a flushed and overwrought animation of mind and body. De Musset's confession is ours, and first astonishment gives way to horror and pity. The masked ball is but the scum of libertinism; the feast is ennui trying to live; the palace of sin is filled with yawning mouths, fixed eyes and hooked hands.

If we believe with the Mohammedan that heaven here and hereafter is pleasure, and so smile at debauchery and defy death, we will live to shed tears hotter than blood, dream dreams that reflect the flames of a literal hell, and have a moral nature as hideous and deformed as our bodies, so twisted with disease that the undertaker must change the shape of the coffin to fit the limbs.

The Seven Ages of Man

From "As You Like It"

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women in it are merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time may play many parts,
His acts being,—“Seven Ages.”

At first the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's
arms;
Then the whining schoolboy,
With his satchel and shining morning face,
Creeping like snail, unwillingly to school.

Then the soldier, full of strange oaths
And bearded like a pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble, reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth.

Then the lover, sighing like a furnace,
With a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow.

And then the justice, in fair round belly,
And good capon lined,

With eyes to see, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances.
And so he plays his part.

The sixth age, slips into the lean and slippers pantalon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well filled, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks,
And his big, manly voice, turning again to childish
treble,
Pipes and whistles in his sounds.

Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history
is second childishness and mere oblivion, sans eyes,
sans teeth, sans taste, sans everything.

* * *

Gloomy Reflections

*Did you ever stop to think as the hearse rolls by,
That sooner or later both you and I
Will travel along in the selfsame hack,
With never a worry about coming back?*

*They'll lift you out and they'll lower you down,
The men with their shovels will stand around;
They'll throw in some dirt and they'll throw in some rocks,
And it will fall with a thump on your old pine box.*

*The worms crawl out and the worms crawl in,
They'll crawl all over your mouth and chin;
They'll call in their friends and their friends' friends, too.
And you'll look like hell when they're through with you.*

Such Is Life

By JANE GAITES

I am happily married. My wife is as good as she is beautiful. Following is a brief description of her:

Her hair ripples into alluring little golden ringlets about her rosy cheeks. Her eyes are large and brown and are fringed with exquisitely long eyelashes. Her lips are almost perfectly formed and she has the sweetest smile in all the world.

I love to fondle and amuse her. I kiss the white neck, her lips, her hands—and I dream. Why shouldn't I dream—does not every happily married man live in fancy? My dream, good God, brings to me a terrible realization!

Before me is not my wife, but her sister, a girl of eighteen years, who is said to be her living image. Their features are almost identical.

The girl's lips, however, are delicately perfect. Her eyes, if possible, are even more expressive than those of the other woman, and are larger. Her hair, when opened out, tumbles like a great waterfall down her back.

When with her, I am contented, absolutely so. When away from her, I grow morose; her image haunts me. I see her at the head of my table, by my fireside;

then, as I try to gather her in my arms, just as I need her most, she vanishes. When I kiss her, I know that before me is the one woman in the world—the only one! And she understands—perhaps. She calls me “dear brother Jack,” but when alone with me, her lips cry: “Jack dearest!”

I am ten years her senior. My love for her far surpasses that of an ordinary brother-in-law.

My wife is older than I, and perhaps understands me less than she dares realize. When our lips meet, I try hard to convince myself that I have all in life—nothing remains to long for. Suddenly I think I hear a girlish voice call “Jack!” I seem to see the other woman before me. I crush her to me and kiss her long and passionately. Even then I am not satisfied! I hold her closer in my arms and cry, “Mine—only mine!” She smiles that tantalizing, adorable smile. “I love you!” I exult! Her smile fades into a pout. “Stop!” she cries, “how you have mussed me; now I shall be obliged to arrange my hair again before dinner. I suppose that ‘home-brew’ has once more been affecting you! Jack, there is such a thing as overdoing it!”

It is not the little girl of my dreams, but my wife—bah!

* * *

She Did Her Best

Jackson: “The idea of letting your wife go about telling the neighbors that she made a man of you! You don’t hear my wife saying that!”

Johnson: “No, but I heard her telling my wife that she had done her best!”

Strolling With Jane Gaites

He Who Hesitates

By JANE GAITES

THE moon is responsible for many things—so is the back seat of almost any automobile. Instead of wading through the usual tiresome description of the “perfect summer’s eve,” let us draw our own conclusions of moonlight scenery and peep into the cozy little sedan belonging to Ken Conniston, the hero.

As no two women in the world are identically alike, we can give them all a “write-up” and the heroines will be somewhat dissimilar. Anyway, just because the two occupants of the back seat happen to know that old Mr. Moon-Man is “Johnny on the spot,” is no reason to claim that his rays are any too bright, and as you can’t see the girl to advantage, I’ll tell you about her.

Of course she is beautiful (every heroine must be), but hers is an unusual sort of beauty that is made up of large brown eyes, tawny hair and adorable red lips.

Ken knows “the way of a man with a maid,” and he is not wasting precious time by talking of the weather.

“Sweetheart,” he whispers tenderly, as he draws

her closer to him, "wonderful little girl, I love you and I want you to——"

"Yes, yes!" she interrupts excitedly, remembering fond Mater's advice to waste no ammunition on lame ducks, and realizing that Ken is far from being lame, "you want me to——?"

As he hesitates, a pained look creeps into his eyes, and just as she is congratulating herself on her "vamping" ability, he concludes his promising little speech with, "I want you to——damn that flea——scratch my back."

* * *

The Smith-Crapley Wedding

"What's up?" asked the foreman of the composing room, as he entered the sanctum for "copy," and noticed the editor's swollen forehead, broken nose, puffed red eye and tattered, dusty coat. "Did you fall downstairs?"

"No," snapped the editor, pointing to a paragraph in the paper before him. "It's on account of the Smith-Crapley wedding. It ought to read:

"Miss Crapley's dimpled, shining face formed a pleasing contrast to Mr. Smith's strong, bold physiognomy."

"But look how it was printed." And the foreman read:

"Miss Crapley's pimples, skinny face formed a pleasing contrast to Mr. Smith's strange, bald physiognomy."

"Smith was just in here," continued the editor, as he threw his blood-streaked handkerchief into the waste-basket.

How To Make Love

The Whiz Bang has received a call for help from an anxious swain, who, being too bashful to write his own love croon, sends us a dime and asks us to write his speech to The Girl. Ordinarily we do not perform such high-class service for a dime, but to assist America in returning to "normalcy" we have decided to fix it up without war tax and at reduced prices. Therefore, Mr. Fallin Love, we are offering for your approval Captain Billy's "How to Make Love."

DEAREST, most darling of girls, rosebud of my heart and cream of mine eyes—My little dream girl, how I would love to hold you in my arms tonight and press my lips against those ruby cupid bows of yours. I long for you every hour of the day, and at night I yearn for you. I feel as though your spirit is always with me and I lean on it for support in all my undertakings.

Your smiling face is an inspiration to me at all times and your voice is like the chimes of Normandy in my ears. Your smiles are like the sunshine in Flanders Field in spring. Dearest love, I cannot live without you. Life would be as barren as the desolate hills of the Arctic. Dreary were the days until I met you, sunshine of my life and rose of Nippon. I adore you.

I fall at your shrine and worship you. There is not a thing I would not go through to reach you. Every time I think of your smiling face, the gates of Paradise are lost in oblivion. There is not one, oh Rose of the Moon, that could take your place in my heart. The days of the cave man are over. If they were not, it would simply be a revival of the survival of the fittest, and I would be compelled to steal you away. As it is, we will have to use diplomacy. Sweetheart, will you loan me a dollar?

* * *

O everybody has his toddy
Nane they say hae I;
Yet all the same I can't complain
Since Tom came home with Rye.

* * *

A Chapter on Women

Charles Nodier—Of all the animals, cats, flies and women take the longest time in dressing.

Chamfort—A woman is like your shower; follow her, she flies; fly from her, she follows.

La Rochefoucauld—There are no women the merit of whom lasts longer than the beauty.

Fontenelle—Most women prefer that one should talk ill of their virtue rather than ill of their wit or of their beauty.

Balzac—A virtuous woman has in the heart a fiber less or a fiber more than other women; she is stupid or sublime.

Delphine de Girardin—Nothing, after a stupid woman, is rarer in France than a generous woman.

George Sand—Woman is stupid by nature.

"Piece de Resistance"

A girl was walking along a road, and a young man along another. The roads finally united, the man and woman reaching the junction at the same time, walked on from there together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back. In one hand he held, by the legs, a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a deep ravine the girl said to the young man:

"I'm afraid to go through that ravine with you, it is a lonely place and you might overpower me and kiss me by force—!"

"How can I possibly kiss you by force," he asked, "when I have this iron kettle on my back, and a cane in one hand, and a live chicken in the other, and am leading this goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot!"

"True," replied the girl, "but if you should stick your cane into the ground and tie the goat to it, and turn the kettle upside down and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance!"

"I should never have thought of that," he said.

And when he came to the ravine, he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it, and, lowering the kettle from his shoulders, imprisoned the fowl under it, and kissed the girl!

* * *

Bess—"Why did you let him kiss you?"

Tess—"He threatened to scream if I didn't."

All in the Name

A party of Louisville ladies, en route to a Canadian summer resort, was delayed on the border by the usual customs examination. To the question as to what her suitcase contained, the fairest and youngest replied:

"Nothing but wearing apparel."

Now, tucked carefully away in one of the corners of that suitcase the efficient official brought to light a tiny vial (evidence of a thoughtful mother's "safety first" measure) filled to the neck with nothing less than a generous swallow of the once justly famed "Kentucky Dew."

The officer frowned to conceal his amusement. "Didn't I understand you to say that this valise contained only wearing apparel?" he asked.

The fair Kentuckian nodded an affirmative, no whit abashed by the contradictory nature of the official's find. "Well, will you tell me what you call this?" persisted the inquisitor, holding to view the diminutive bottle, whose very contents seemed blushing for its owner's disregard for the truth.

"Oh, that?" came the reply in a soft, Southern drawl. "In Kentucky we call that a nightcap."

. . .

Days of Real Sport

(From the Menominee Herald-Leader.)

Ten Years Ago Today: Henry Albright is in serious danger of losing one eye as the result of being cut by a beer glass in a rumpus last evening in Michael Bottkol's saloon.

Questions and Answers

Dear Bill—How does moonshine affect you?—**June Meadows.**

It usually puts me in a daze for days and days.

* * *

Dear Skipper Bill—How can I remove stains from linen so they will not return?—**Aggie Vayting.**

Use a pair of scissors.

* * *

Dear Whiz Bang Bill—A friend of mine wants to know if you were a captain in the army or the navy, as he was a seaman in the navy. He is wondering what part of the ship you were captain of, if you were in the navy.—**Navy Beehne.**

I would probably have been captain of the head in the navy.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—I saw this in your Mail Bag section of the Whiz Bang: "Dot—A is right. Get out and walk." Could you give me Dot's address, Bill, so that through her I can get in touch with "B"?—**Dolly Varden.**

You will find Dot at the end of this sentence, old dear.

Dear Skipper Bill—You've been in the army, so perhaps you could give me a good idea of a brave man.—**May Wheat.**

A goop who can drink prohibition whiskey and wash it down with near beer.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—We are a couple of hallroom boys and would like to know how we can stop the odor of our cooking from being detected by the landlady.—**Percy and Hal.**

Apply a coat of rubber to the top of your stove. This is sure to destroy cooking odors.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—What's your idea of an absent-minded man?—**Kureous Kwizsky.**

One who forgets his watch and then takes it out of his pocket to see if he has time to go back for it.

* * *

Dear Billy—What do you think is meant by "The shades of night were falling fast?"—**Alice Blue.**

When people are pulling down their curtains.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—I am appearing soon in a home talent show and would like to know how I can get a Salome costume. Can you help me?—**Doris Doughnut.**

Tie two brass fingerbowls together with a shoe-string.

Dear Bill—I went out riding with a young man the other night and drank some champagne. Did I do wrong?—**Mother's Daughter.**

Don't you remember?

* * *

Dear Skipper—What's your idea of a non-essential industry?—**May Hogany.**

A corkscrew factory.

* * *

Dear Snappy Skipper—How many miles do you get from a gallon of hooch.—**U. Kisser.**

It depends on the thinness of the mixture before it goes through my carburetor.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—I'm in love with a Spanish beauty, but she's jealous of me. How can I cure her?—**Will B. Schott.**

No, Will, I can't tell you how to cure her. Better stay away from her or you might wake up some morning with a stick in your gizzard.

* * *

Dear Captainovich—Vot's a gude name for a Yiddish baby born in an Irish neighborhood?—**Tuda Banke.**

Isaac Murphy would be safest.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—What is good to take grass stains out of a white dress?—**Helen Earth.**

Damfino—Wear a green dress hereafter.

Dear Whiz Bang Bill—Why do people insist on telling liquor jokes?—**Gus Ted.**

Probably because they're the only kind that have spirit in them.

* * *

Dear Farmer Billy—Would you please give me a suggestion for an evening dress? I am about to make my debut in society.—**Arrah Bella.**

Wind two yards of ribbon around the waist and tie in a huge bow.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—You say, in your March issue, that Eve was entered in the human race. I wish she'd never been entered in any race. Then I wouldn't have to put up with henpeckery now. What in the deuce was she put on earth for, anyway?—**Tis Tuff.**

Eve was made, my friend, for Adam's express company.

* * *

Dear Skipper—Please give me a definition of joy. **Minnie Mumm.**

Joy is the peculiar feeling experienced by a man after a drunk when he counts his money and discovers that he has all the cash he thought he had and a few dollars more.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—Why is a landlord like a poker player?—**Tom Nolan.**

Because he always raises when he gets a full house.

Whiz Bang Editorials

"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet"

A PAL is in the diamond-pearl-ruby class—very rare and very precious. But different in this way—fine and scarce as a real pal is, intrinsic value does not enter into his possession.

A pal loves, forgives, forgets, sympathizes, understands—above all, understands. You don't have to explain or excuse to the one who is your pal.

A pal always comes to you when you need him most, and he isn't scared away a bit, if the whole world deserts you. He is there to stay because, don't you see, he is your pal, and you want him and he wants you. And that explains everything.

There is something infinitely wonderful about one's pal that you can't even express or explain. A pal doesn't keep things back. A pal is honest, above-board, open, and expressive. A pal can make mistakes and they are just mistakes; but if he isn't your pal, then they are blunders instead, and you may resent and be unhappy and sadly sorry—but, somehow, with a pal you love right through everything and are the stronger bound for the very weaknesses that sometimes hide strong feeling unexpressed.

A pal is always around—in spirit and in feeling. He doesn't understand the fair weather quality. If it rains, he is still your pal. If it cyclones, he is just the same as when the sun is brightest and warmest. A pal hovers about.

My pal is always around when I am most in need, and I am inspired and spurred ahead. I shall win all things worth while because I have a pal; and there will be no secrets except for the utter freedom and frankness of expression between us, back and forth, which, in itself, becomes a double secret to the world, but no secret at all as far as we are concerned.

If you have a pal you have the world—and no one can take it from you.

* * *

IN this day and age of hair dyes and henna, women who are beautiful but unwise, wise but not beautiful, virtuous but neither wise nor beautiful, of good discourse and good music, but neither virtuous, wise nor beautiful, Benedict of "Much Ado About Nothing" would be sorely put to find a wife, it occurs to me. From this Shakespearean play we unearth the following statement of the finical Benedict:

"One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.

"Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse and excellent

musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God."

* * *

TO hear the common run of comment on the dress of women, it might be supposed that morals grow short with skirts. Of course, if one believes that the human body is nasty, then the more of it covered the better. But if one does not have such an extraordinary view, it is hard to take seriously the arguments of those who would lengthen skirts to preserve virtue.

It needs but very little looking and thinking to reach the conviction that the best cure for curiosity about legs is to see legs.

Since health and comfort are so markedly conserved by the short skirt, one hopes never to see again on our streets the skirt that sweeps the filth of the sidewalk.

* * *

Some bunk historian claims that Pocahontas never saved John Smith's life; that Miles Standish never talked with Priscilla; and knocks a lot of other Colonial traditions, including the one about Columbus making an egg stand up. Some of these days we will be told that Jack Horner never stuck his thumb in a pie; that the old woman never lived in a shoe; or that Jack never jumped over a candlestick. We need a Society for the Prevention of Agnostic Historical Writers.

* * *

The Zion City ruler orders young men not to give diamond engagement rings but to save the money for baby buggies. He is practical rather than romantic.

Ten Points for the Worker

Honor the chief. There must be a head to everything.

Have confidence in yourself and make yourself fit.

Harmonize your work. Let sunshine radiate and penetrate.

Handle the hardest job first each day. Easy ones are a pleasure.

Do not be afraid of criticism—criticize yourself often.

Be glad and rejoice in the other fellow's success—study his methods.

Do not be misled by dislikes. Acid ruins the finest fabrics.

Be enthusiastic—it is contagious.

Do not have the notion that success means money making.

Be fair and do at least one decent act every day in the year.

* * *

What the Missionaries Do

Says Ernest Thompson Seton, who is described as a naturalist:

"Sex morality has no relation to clothing, as is proved by the naked tribes of East Africa, who are the most moral people in the world in their natural state, but who always take a downward step morally when compelled by missionaries to wear clothing. The shorter the dress of the female and the lower the neck of her bodice, the greater her moral influence and the greater her tendency to health."

Oh, Adam, why did you ever wear that fig leaf?

Smokehouse Poetry

When the world was in babyhood, woman was the slave for man's satisfaction. Today man is the slave to serve woman. William Ernest Henley's poem, "Or Ever the Knightly Years Were Gone," inspired the book from which the picture drama, "Male and Female," was written. Going back to biblical days, the throwing of the beautiful woman to the lions for her refusal to satisfy the lust of the King of Babylon, is compared with woman's present punishment upon man for Babylon's offense. This poem will be given a leading place in Smokehouse Poetry in the May issue, and it goes something like this:

*I saw, I took, I cast you by,
I bent and broke your pride;
You loved me well, or I heard them lie,
But your longing was denied;
Surely I knew that by and by
You cursed your gods and died.*

The Whiz Bang also will publish for the first time in any national magazine "Toledo Slim," a parallel to "The Blue Velvet Band," and it winds up with this:

*One foggy day on Market Street, I met
him sure as fate,
He tried to get the drop on me, but was
a moment late;
I sent a bullet crashing into the traitor's
brain,
And then I made my getaway, and
glommed an eastbound train.*

Lasca

A Tale of the Stampede

By PAUL DESPREZ

It's all very well to write reviews,
And carry umbrellas and keep dry shoes,
And say what everyone's saying here,
And wear what everyone else must wear,
But tonight I'm sick of the whole affair.
For I want free life and I want fresh air,
And I long for the canter after the cattle,
For the crack of the whip, like shots in battle,
For the meelee of hoofs and horns, and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads,
For the green beneath and the blue above
And dash, and danger, and life and love, and Lasca.

Lasca used to ride on a mouse-grey mustang
Close to my side,
With blue serape and bright belled spur,
I laughed with joy when I looked at her;
Little knew she of books or creeds,
An Ave Marie sufficed her needs,
Little cared she, save to be by my side,
To ride with me and ever to ride
From San Sabas shore to Lavatoes tide.

The air was heavy and the night was hot,
I sat by her side and forgot, forgot,
Forgot that the air was close, oppressed,
That a Texas northern comes sudden and soon
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon,
And once let a herd in its rest take fright,
There's nothing on earth can stop its flight,
And woe to the rider and woe to the steed
That falls in front of a mad stampede.

Was that thunder?
I sprang to the saddle, she clung behind
And away on a hot race down the wind,
And never was steed so little spared

And never was foxhunt half so hard,
For we rode for our lives,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, but we urged him on,
You have one chance left
And you have but one halt,
Jump to earth and shoot your horse,
Crouch under his carcass and take your chance,
And if those steers in their maddening course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once
You may thank your stars, if not good-bye,
With a quickened kiss and a long-drawn sigh
To the opened air and the open sky
Of Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle were gaining and just as I felt
For my good six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down we clinging together.
What is the rest? A body has spread itself on my breast,
Two lips so close to my lips were pressed.
And then came thunder into my ears
And over us surged "a sea of steers,"
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
Two arms are shielding my dizzy head,
And when I could rise, Lasca was dead.

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in earth's arms I laid her to sleep.
And there she is lying and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows.
For many a year the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head.
And the buzzard sails on and comes and is gone.
Stately and still like a ship at sea,
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half the heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

It's All in the Game

Weddings and rice, old maids and advice,
And the world rocks on just the same.
You may win the pot, and again you may not,
But remember, it's all in the game.

In Flanders Fields

The author of this poem, John McCrae, B.A., M.D., M.R.C.P., was born in Guelph, Canada, son of Colonel and Mrs. David McCrae, who still survive him, and for several years he was professor of pathology at the University of Vermont. In 1899 and 1900 he served with the artillery in South Africa and rose to the rank of commanding officer of his battery. Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae died in France from pneumonia January 28, 1918, in his forty-sixth year. His other masterpiece, The Anxious Dead, will be published in the May issue of the Whiz Bang, together with Poppies, J. Eugene Chrisman's poem of Flanders, and America's Answer to In Flanders Fields, the work of R. W. Lillard.

By LT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

In Flanders Fields, the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row;
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly;
Scarce heard, amidst the guns below.

We are the Dead; short days we Lived,
Felt Dawn, saw Sunset glow;
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To You, from falling hands we throw
The Torch; be yours to hold it high;
If Ye break faith, with those who die,
We shall not sleep—though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.

* * *

Fading Blossoms

Here's to the rose of brilliant hue,
Pluck it and call it your own.
The rose will fade,
And so will the maid
If she's left too long alone.

Many requests from Whiz Bang readers for the publication of "Life's a Funny Proposition After All," the famous recitation by George M. Cohan, are answered herein. The Whiz Bang has obtained the original recitation and permission to publish it from the author.

"Life's a Funny Proposition"

By GEORGE M. COHAN

Did you ever sit and ponder
Sit and wonder
Sit and think
Why we're here and what this life is all about?
It's a problem that has driven many brainy men to drink,
It's the weirdest thing they've tried to figure out,
About a thousand theories all the scientists can show
But never yet have proved a reason why
With all we've thought and all we're taught
Why, all we seem to know is we're born
And live a little while
And then we die.
Life's a very funny proposition after all.
Three meals a day
A whole lot to say,
When you haven't got the coin
You're always in the way.
Everybody's fighting as we wend our way along,
Every fellow claims the other fellow's in the wrong.
Hurried and worried until we're buried
And there's no curtain call,
Life's a funny proposition, after all.
When all things are coming easy and when luck is with a man,
Why, then life to him is sunshine everywhere;
Then the Fates blow rather breezy and they quite upset a plan,
Then he'll cry that life's a burden hard to bear.
Though today may be a day of smiles,
Tomorrow's still in doubt
And what brings me joy may bring you care and woe.
We're born to die
But we don't know why
Or what it's all about,
And the more we try to learn the less we know

And no one's ever solved the problem properly as yet.
Young for a day, then old and gray,
Like the rose that buds and blooms
And fades—and falls away.
Losing health to gain our wealth
As through this dream we tour,
Everything's a guess and nothing's absolutely sure.
Battles exciting and fates we're fighting
Until the curtains fall,
Life's a funny proposition, after all.

* * *

The Hell-bound Train

Tom drank until he could drink no more,
Then went to sleep on the barroom floor;
Where he slumbered with a troubled brain,
To dream that he rode on a hell-bound train.

Wilder and wilder the country grew,
Faster and faster the engine flew,
Louder and louder the thunder crashed,
Brighter and brighter the lightning flashed.

And out in the distance there rose a yell,
"Ah, ha," said the devil, "we're nearing hell."
Then, oh how the passengers shrieked in pain
And begged of the devil to stop the train.

"You have bullied the weak, you have robbed the poor,
The starving brother you turned from your door,
You have laid up gold where canker rusts,
And given free use of your fleshly lusts.

"So I'll land you safe in the lake of fire,
Where lost souls wail in the flaming mire."
Then Tom awoke with an agonized cry,
His clothes soaked in sweat and hair standing high.

And he prayed as he never prayed before,
To be saved from drink and the devil's power,
And his vow and prayers were not in vain,
For he never more rode on the hell-bound train.

* * *

Love, like a good drink, is a wonderful bracer.
Divorce, like ginger ale, is a marvelous chaser.

After the Raid

A raid on the National Dutch Room cabaret in Minneapolis recently, in which two hundred fur-clad women and velvet-pocketed escorts were piled into patrol wagons amid a crashing of hip-pocket glass-ware, inspired Mr. McKillips to write this poetic story.

By BUDD L. MCKILLIPS

Listen, dearie, stop your cryin'
'Cause they've locked you in a cell;
Don't make noises like you're dyin';
Oh, I know it's simply hell.

Cryin', dear, won't move the jailer,
Won't make him unlock the door;
Use some rouge, you're lookin' paler;
I've been in these raids before.

Dozen times, I guess, they nailed me
When they used to have a line;
Ward boss always came and bailed me—
Sometimes even paid my fine.

Never mind that "Press" sob-sister,
Dry your eyes and play the game—
Ain't no story—beat it, Mister;
Good Lord, dear, don't give your name.

Don't tell him a damn thing, honey;
Hush now, dear, I know your tale;
Just like me you needed money
And stepped out to grab the kale.

Lost your job, maybe slack season;
Didn't have the price to eat—
Maybe not, but that's the reason
Most girls start to hit the street.

Homeless, hungry, maybe freezin',
Soon you found the business paid,
And there wasn't no slack season
Or no lay-offs in our trade.

Conscience hurt when long-faced preachers
Said as how you'd go to hell?

Dear, the sons of those same teachers
Came to buy the thing you sell.

Just forget those sal'ried prayers
When they tell you all those things,
Tell them that the low-wage payers
Don't help grow no angel wings.

Hush, now, dearie, come on, stop 'er,
Cut the weeps and be a sport,
Fix your hair, here comes a copper
For to take us into court.

See the judge, bet he's been stayin'
Out all night—he's got the jerks;
We're up now—what's that he's sayin'?
Holy Gee, we got the works!

* * *

When Wifie's Away

Of all the insidious temptations invidious
Contrived by the Devil to put a man down,
There is no more elusive, seductive, abusive,
Than the snare to the man when his wife's out of town.

He feels such delightfulness,
Stay-out-all-nightfulness,
Be sure to get tightfulness,
'Tis one without pain.
A bachelor's rakishness,
What won't you takishness,
None can explain.

His wife may be beautiful, tender and dutiful,
'Tis not that her absence would cause him delight,
But the grand opportunity,
The baleful immunity,
Scatters his scruples as day scatters night.

* * *

There was a young man named Whiteside,
He always slept on his rightside.
When the "cooties" would crawl,
You could hear the boob bawl,
As he made a quick dash for the outside.

The Blue Raven

By C. P. CIPPIUS

Once upon a day so dreary, Congress pondered, weak and weary
Over many a novel twist to laws that smacked of days of yore,
While it nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at the chamber door;
Only this and nothing more.

They were Blue Laws in the offing, with a ghastly, ghostly coughing,
Spreading germs of discontent, dissatisfaction, gloom—all o'er,
Causing men to shrink and shiver, many hearts to quake and quiver,
Hoping something would deliver them from all these laws that
bore
Sorrow for them, evermore.

All day Sunday, people sleeping, while the rest are gently weeping,
And weeping as they never wept in all their lives before;
Blue Laws wrecked the joy of living, made men stern and unfor-
giving,
These laws passed, there was no living as in good old days of
yore.
Happiness? No, nevermore.

Legislation's undermining Freedom's precepts—people pining
For the Liberty they thought was their's and had so long
before;
Straight-laced styles are fast becoming just the thing, you know,
and bumming
Is to be about like slumming, which all people should abhor,
On the Sabbath, evermore.

Crooks and Purists now are pairing, common folks are all
despairing,
Peace and joy and true contentment is a dream of ancient lore.
They can never think of dining, much less dare to talk of wining
Or they'd have the judges fining them and looking for their
gore:
Wooden stocks, forevermore.

Oh, the country's draped in mourning, black is everywhere adorning
All the houses in the land and crepe is seen on every door;
Hear the people softly crying for their Freedom that is lying
On its deathbed, slowly dying, sweating blood at every pore;
Freedom's fled, forevermore.

Interpretative Dancing

I saw a barefoot lady dip,
And kneel and rise and poise and hover,
As if to pin a pillow slip
Upon the line stretched high above her.
"This must be comedy," I said,
"Some esoteric highbrow joshing,
This nymph who moves with classic tread
Is hanging out the family washing."

The program told me I was wrong—
The dance was labeled "Slumber Song."

I saw a maid with flying feet,
Whose clothes were singularly airy,
Go running through a field of wheat,
With all the fleetness of a fairy.
When I had gazed awhile askance
At her abbreviated habit,
I thought "The title of this dance
Is 'Girl in Nighty Chasing Rabbit.'"

My guess was wrong—the program said:
"A Russian Peasant's Prayer for Bread."

Six damsels, very sparsely clad
In white diaphanous confections,
Came tearing in and ran like mad
In many different directions.
"Aha!" I cried, "I think I get
The meaning of this scene before us;
The title of it, I will bet,
Is 'Mouse Stampedes a Ziegfeld Chorus.'"

But my conjecture went astray—
The dance was "Woodland Birds in May."

* * *

Sweet Simplicity of Ye Olden Days

Miss "Pabst," young and fair,
With a "Blue Ribbon" in her hair,
Sat under a "Busch" of "Anheuser,"
When a "Bohemian," by plan,
Rushed some "Schlitz" in a can
And she went home "Extra Pale"
"Budweiser."

A Mother's Prayer

Last night I dreamed—I never can forget;
I saw my son a prisoner at the bar.
A stripling with the honest eyes of Youth,
My baby strayed away from me so far.
And I, his mother, had to stand
And see him there so helpless and so dear;
God knows I thought I had done right,
But there stood leering Crime, and Shame, and Fear.
Lord, help me to keep the home fires burning bright
And give my child his need of help and love.
Help me keep faith with him, as Thee with me,
And guard this life entrusted from above.

—Nellie Putnam Chapman.

* * *

The Underworld

By CLEM YORE

I want to be square to the underworld
And even a dog that is down.
I'd rather be a painter of smiles
Than to carve a grewsome frown.
So sit you down by my bungalow
And we will enjoy the sky,
For brothers and sisters, pals of woe,
You're just as immortal as I.

* * *

We'd Kiss Her, Too

If blue were red and red were blue
And you were I and I were you,
And you loved me and I loved you
And all alone were just we two,
And you were sure nobody knew,
Would you kiss me?

If I were you and you were I
And you so near I could hear you sigh,
And then providing no one was nigh,
And I wouldn't regret it bye and bye.
Wouldn't I?

The Hooch Cure Blues

By M. V. Sumner.

Bring me a dry Martini, waiter, and chase it with something that's wet.

I went to a pink tea yesterday and I haven't got over it yet.

I heard they've discovered the North Pole, waiter, Gee, I wish I had it here now,

They couldn't come any too cold for me to put on my aching brow.

'Twas a stormy night at sea, waiter, and the waves ran mountains high,

Personally, I was souzed to the gills and today I am awfully dry.

Yes, 'twas a frightful night on the sea, and many are missing, I think,

But as near as I can remember, I never missed a drink.

The one in blue got my spark, waiter, her side pal got my clock.

Oh, I don't want to know the time, waiter, just lead me down to the dock,

Yes, lead me down to the dock, waiter, for a watery grave I pine,

The place for a man that's pickled is over his head in the brine.

Just tell them I am at the "Murray" cure, waiter, that I died as a hero should;

Up to my neck in the cold old suds, guaranteed drawn from the wood.

Say, after I've sank in the deep, waiter, you'll do me one favor. I hope,

Tell 'em if I blow up bubbles that 'twasn't from eating soap.

* * *

Who puts me in my little bed

And spans me till my face is red?

My Mother.

* * *

All to Myself

All to myself I think of you—

Think of the things we used to do,

Think of the things we used to say,

Think of each happy yesterday;

Sometimes I sigh and sometimes I smile,

But I keep each olden, golden while

All to myself.

—W. D. N.

Pasture Pot Pourri

Brevity is the sole of wit, and the sole charm of a maiden's skirt.

* * *

It's the first straw hat which shows how the wind blows.

* * *

I suppose the maid does all the hard work?
No, my wife still makes the biscuits.

* * *

"Do you like music?"

"Yep."

"Then listen to the band around my hat."

* * *

If you want to see something swell, put a sponge in water.

* * *

Did you ever catch your wife flirting?
Yes, that's the way I caught her.

* * *

If you were with me in my new Cadillac
On a road with no trolley about it,
A long way from town, would you start to walk back?
Maybe you would—but I doubt it.

* * *

While we live, let's live in clover,
For when we're dead, we're dead all over.

Business as Usual

(From the Tryon, N. C. News.)

Wallace Jackson called on Miss Jennie Barnett as usual.

* * *

It is refreshing to know that the woman who was brought up for biting a man in self defense has been bound over to keep the piece.

* * *

Washington woman wants the Congress to impose a tax upon bachelors varying from one dollar a year for men from 21 to 24 to \$5 for men of 65 or over. She should reverse her scale and tax the bachelors while they are useful. A bachelor of 65 is not worth taxing—from a woman's standpoint.

* * *

Here's to the girl that's strictly in it,
Who holds her head for every minute,
Plays well the game and knows her limit
And still gets all the fun there's in it.

* * *

Dode Leonard tells us that near beer is like looking through a keyhole with a glass eye.

* * *

Missouri is noted for three things: Raising democrats, mules and hell.

* * *

You say "Bye, bye,"
To some sweet little blonde,
And she says: "Sweet Daddy,
Get bottled in bond."

* * *

Our Latest Song Success

The only rings I ever gave her were the rings
beneath her eyes.

Probably Still Together

(From the Cornell, Ill., Journal.)

Joseph Highland and Miss Zelma Gourley left together, Monday, to get married. At time of going to press we have not heard any further particulars.

* * *

Oh, Geraldine, are the seams of my stockings on straight?

* * *

We will now sing: "He Asked For Bread," and the curtain came down with a roll.

* * *

Ah-h! How would ze mamma like to kees ze papa?

* * *

Better to have loved and lost than to have been divorced and alimonied.

* * *

**A remarkable man is the Hindoo.
He wears no clothes—makes his skindoo.**

* * *

Who's your new girl, Sam?
She's not a new girl. She's only my old one painted over.

* * *

*Here's to the happiest days of my life,
Spent in the arms of another man's wife.
My mother.*

* * *

Here's to the glass we so love to sip,
It dries many a pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as a woman's lip,
But a danged sight more sincere.

Perfection at the Start

The first real talking machine, in which no improvement has ever been made, was made out of a rib.

* * *

John Barleycorn may have been officially dead for a number of years, but his funeral expenses still keep piling up.

* * *

Grandpa says that "skirt dances" never will be as popular as the shimmy until the girls start wearing skirts again.

* * *

Lips that touch a cigaroot will never park beneath my snoot.—Ethel Worrymore.

* * *

"That can be seen from both sides," said the fly as he left his mark on a hall of pane.

* * *

Our Old One Revamped

Since prohibition came, my wife made me likker.

* * *

Jack—Can you keep a secret?

Jim—I should say so—I have one in the St. Paul Hotel now.

* * *

Purely Political Pot Pourri

"Should Mr. Noble, who sits for this constituency, consent to stand again and run he will in all probability have a walkaway."

Classified Ads

Washing the Girlies

(From Indianapolis News.)

EXPERIENCED lady cleaners. Park Theater.

* * *

Here It Is Again

(From the Mandan, N. D., Pioneer.)

We stand behind every bed we sell. Home Furnishing Co., Mandan.

* * *

Take a Tip, Horace

(From Augusta Chronicle.)

Horace—Please do not phone me again. Father is cleaning his gun.—Lulu.

* * *

A Vague Gee-String

(From Le Bon Ton.)

"The vague bodice joins the skirt at the hip line with an embroidery stitch."

* * *

Hey! Hold That Job

(Providence, R. I., Journal)

WANTED—At Hotel Randolph, first class porter; room furnished; also chambermaid.

* * *

Take Your Turn, Boys!

(From Shreveport Times.)

YOUNG lady wants refined girl to share room. Also vacancy for two gentlemen. 1821 Marshall.

The Swamp

(From the Lowell Tribune.)

George B. Bailey went to Indianapolis Thursday to attend a meeting of the committee on drainage of the legislature.

* * *

Job Wanted

(From Akron, O., Beacon-Journal.)

A JOLLY GOOD LADY wants position as housekeeper in widower's or bachelor's home. Write E, Box 34, Beacon-Journal.

* * *

Oh You Farmer!

(From Wichita Eagle.)

A NICE APPEARING lady, about 40, a first class housekeeper, wants to keep house for a gentleman on farm where there is no other woman.

* * *

The Truth Revealed

(From Iron Mountain Tribune-Gazette.)

I wish to correct an error made by me in Monday night's paper. My wife did not leave my bed and board, as stated, but I left the home myself as she told me to.—Jalmer Gustafson.

* * *

Triflers Form in the Rear

(From the Denver Post.)

A woman, beautiful, refined, 30 years, wishes to meet man clean habits and education. Must be wealthy and a cripple; matrimony; no general delivery or triflers answer.

* * *

Anything to Please

(From Pensacola, Fla., News.)

SITUATION WANTED—A young widow, with one child, desires a good home as housekeeper in a wealthy widower's home; no objection to one or two children. "V. S.," care News.

Enough Is Too Much

He sat on the edge of her desk and swung his legs. She, being fully satisfied that the brevity of her frock and the excellence of her silk hose would lend charm to such a proceeding, did likewise. For she was a good secretary, and all study the tastes of their employers.

"Everything all right about the Sutton case?" he asked.

"Oh, quite," she replied, "here are the papers," and she passed them towards him—but before he could take them they fell to the floor.

"I am so awfully sorry," she said, as he went down on his knees to pick them up, "let me help you."

Then a most extraordinary thing happened. He kissed her. And she, being a proud girl and not wishing to accept favors from any man, returned it. It was a very free and easy office.

About an hour later he said he must go and see Brown about the Ware case.

But Brown was out.

So he sat on the edge of Brown's secretary's desk and swung his legs.

She, being every bit as good a secretary as his own, did likewise.

After a pleasant chat he said he must go home.

He found his wife reclining on a sofa swinging her legs.

"Had a busy day?" she asked him.

"Yes, very busy," he replied.

"You're late, are you not?"

"Yes," he grunted, "one or two little things kept me at the office." He glanced at his wife disapprovingly. "And for heaven's sake, don't sit there swinging your legs like that. It annoys me."

* * *

Naughty Coppers

Speaking about the St. Paul chief of police who claimed he was "framed" with a patrolman's wife, here's one from London:

It had been a fairly warm evening, but about 11 p. m. it became bitterly cold and Patrolman Snorkins decided he would chance it and go and fetch his great-coat. So slipping away from his beat he hurried round to his cottage and, throwing some gravel against his wife's bedroom window, he shouted "Chuck me out my coat, old dear."

The wife chucked out the coat and, putting it on in the darkness, he hurried back to his beat.

"Hello, Bill," he said to his policeman pal who was waiting for him at the end of the beat. "I just slipped round and got my coat. It's blooming cold, ain't it?"

"It is," agreed Bill, eyeing him curiously. "But, say, when the devil did you get made a sergeant?"

* * *

Mottoes of the Vampire

"Gee, I wish I had a 'sucker' like the other girlie has—" and

"I'd like to lose you—I'm so used to you now."

Jest Jokes and Jingles

Let's now sing, with all the alcoholic accuracy possible, that old familiar farmer's wail: "I've got enough money to last me the rest of my life, providing I die tonight."

* * *

Sign in Doctor's Office

A man's a fool to live in grief
When he can get complete relief;
A good prescription, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.

* * *

Fortune Teller: You wish to know about your future husband?

Customer: No; I wish to know about the past of my present husband for future use.

* * *

Lingo of the Limpid Lip

When a man says "Yes," he means "Maybe";
When he says "Maybe," he means "No";
When he says "No," he's no diplomat.

When a woman says "No," she means "Maybe";
When she says "Maybe," she means "Yes";
But if she says "Yes," she's no lady.

* * *

A girl on either side of twenty is merely interesting; at twenty she is dangerous.

She: "You didn't have a shirt on your back when I first met you."

He: "Well, then, why did you come in the bath-room without knocking?"

* * *

God made man
Frail as a bubble;
God made love,
Love made trouble.
God made the vine;
Was it a sin
That man made wine
To drown trouble in?

* * *

We have just received our copy of the London Spectator, and conclude that the spirit of spring must have struck that staid and sober paper, for it prints several verses of the old song, "Johnnie and Frankie," but with the wrong chorus. Every connoisseur knows that the real refrain is:

**"He was her man,
But he done her wrong."**

* * *

A gambling flea one day met some mice,
Suggested a trip to the barn to shake dice;
When in came a horse and stepped on the flea,
And the flea squealed out, "There's a horse on me."

* * *

Look before you sleep—especially at the seaside.

More Lingering Lingerie

A man stepped up to the counter in a department store and the pretty saleslady asked him what he wanted. He hesitated for a moment and finally said, "I've forgotten whether I want a camisole or a casserole."

"That depends whether you want to put a chicken or a hen in it," replied the saleslady.

* * *

We have a very pretty housemaid named Mary. One Sunday morning I was about to take my bath but found no hot water, so I told Mary to be more careful and not use it all for kitchen work. The pastor and his wife were at dinner and as Mary brought in the dishes she remarked: "Mr. Henry, I will see you get your bath this afternoon." The minister looked horrified, as my better half snapped, "Indeed, you will not."

* * *

"The man laid down his book and tossed off his fifth drink of hooch. His wife looked up at him calmly and said:

" 'George, when you proposed to me you said you were not worthy to undo the latchets of my shoes.' "

"George stared at her in amazement.

" 'Well, what of it?' he snarled.

" 'Nothing,' she answered, 'only I will say for you that whatever else you were, you weren't a liar.' "

* * *

The life sentence—"I will."

Balaam Gets Sympathy

Being given a complimentary dinner previous to his departure for foreign climes, the guest, who was badly afflicted by stuttering, induced a friend to respond to the toast of his health for him, which he did very badly, so much so that the other rose and said:

"Fo-for the fir-first time in-in my li-life I un-under-stand Balaam's fee-feelings when his ass spo-spoke for him."

* * *

Heaven, Hell or Los Angeles

A colored trooper of Camp Kearney, California, wanted to visit his sweetheart in Los Angeles, but as he couldn't get a furlough, he decided to go A.W.O.L.

The guard at the gate stopped him, and demanded to see the trooper's pass.

The black man pulled out a razor.

"Brudder," he warned, "mah mudder's dead and am in Heaben. Mah faddah's dead and am in Hell, but mah gal am alive and in Los Angeles. And ah's gwine to see one of dem three tonight."

* * *

Following is a familiar conversation heard within a modern apartment building where so many home-made hooch parties are held:

Voice from without: "Cut out that noise or I'll have you put out of this flat."

Voice from within: "We should worry—we've been put out of better flats than this."

Our Rural Mail Box

Dear Bill—You may be witty, but the guy who wrote “Snowbound” was Whittier.

* * *

Marjie—You naughty girl!

* * *

Jo-Jo—You can call it Spanish onions or Spanish fly or any other old thing you want, old dear.

* * *

Ted Mann—If your sweetheart likes music, even though your voice is poor, you can still sing to her with much feeling.

* * *

Lonesome Jack—You ought to be able to get the inspiration you want on the beach at Miami or at Ocean Park and Redondo.

* * *

Parliamentarian—The rules state that you put your hand up first and then ask the question.

* * *

Shakespeareson—Don't get hot under the collar. You ask us what we did with your poem entitled “An Ode to Oblivion.” Our reply is: It reached its destination.

Revamping the Vamps

Exit the perfect 36!

Enter the perfect 34.

Dame Fashion is responsible.

Dressmakers have filled the New York papers' want ad columns with calls for services of the 34 mannequins.

And still further they specify that she must be within the precincts of the misses' "16."

This is because grandmothers want to wear granddaughters' clothes.

Specifications for the mannequins call for:

Symmetry.

Slenderness.

Small hips.

Slender biceps.

Trim ankles.

"Woman herself is responsible for the change," says Miss Marion Rothschild, associate editor of "Women's Wear."

"For nearly three years the feminine population has been struggling to get into smaller and smaller clothing.

"Naturally they get what pleases them."

* * *

The Old Maid's Lament

Love without the man, is like hell without heaven; I know for I've been there. If you don't believe me, try it.

Blood vs. Hootch

A Scotchman had been presented with a pint flask of rare old Scotch whiskey. He was walking briskly along the road toward home, when along came a Ford which he did not sidestep quite in time. It threw him down and hurt his leg quite badly. He got up and limped down the road. Suddenly he noticed that something warm and wet was trickling down his leg.

"Oh, God," he groaned, "I hope that's blood!"

* * *

A Stew's Lament

"George, I don't believe you did put the cat out."

"Well, if you think I'd tell a lie about a little thing like that, go and put her out yourself."

* * *

Sympathy

The harrassed and weary-looking man, the personification of genteel poverty, paused before the windows which had been hired by the Humane Society.

In the center of the window was the picture of a large furry animal, with a woe-begone expression on its face.

Underneath was the placard: "I was skinned to provide a woman with fashionable furs."

For a moment the tired expression faded from the man's face.

"I know just how you feel, poor old chap!" he muttered. "So was I."

Excuse Me

A little boy in his nightdress was on his knees, saying his prayers, and his little sister could not resist the temptation to tickle his feet.

He stood it as long as he could, and then said: "Please, God, excuse me while I knock the devil out of Nellie."

* * *

Objection Sustained

A young lady has written the Navy Department asking that the styles in sailors' uniforms be changed so that the girls will not be embarrassed.

"Every time I dance with a sailor, his loose, flappy trousers tickle my ankles and make me think my petticoat has fallen," she complains.

* * *

There Are Others

Here's to those who'd love us
If we only cared,
Here's to those we'd love
If we only dared.

* * *

You know the difference between a crab and a fish.
Be a live fish, not a crab, because
A live fish swims upstream and—
A crab goes backward.

* * *

Only six months to wait for the second October
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